

ZION'S HERALD AND WESLEYAN JOURNAL.

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OFFICE, NO. 7 CORNHILL, BOSTON. { No. 28.

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OUR MISSION ROOMS.

GERMANY.—The happy working of our mission in Bremen will be seen by the following extract from a secular paper, which Bro. Jacoby sent us by the last steamer. The translation was made for us by our Bro. Jost, a missionary to the Germans in this city. He has kindly added a note, which further shows the blessed operation of the mission in the fatherland:—

Translated from a Bremen paper of May 30th, 1851.

A communication, which has an especial interest for Bremen, comes to us from the United States. In the first half of this month, a meeting of the General Missionary Committee of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held. The sum which the society gave for its pious works last year was \$150,000; the year before last, \$100,000; and this year it has been raised to \$167,000. According to the report of the officers of the society, \$35,000 of this same have been appropriated for the Germans in America, and \$10,000 for Germany. The happy influence of the blessed labor of the Methodist missionaries, upon the most neglected part of the working population with us in Bremen, is well known to every citizen in Bremen who has any interest at all in the affairs of his father city.

THE BANNER CONFERENCE SOCIETY.—We have been in attendance upon some twenty Conferences within the last fifteen months; and have been present at the anniversaries of the Conference Missionary Societies, but we have not witnessed a more delightful or so successful an anniversary, as at the Pittsburgh Conference, in Alleghany city, on Sunday afternoon, June 22d. The meeting was held in the Beaver street church, and was addressed for an hour by the secretary. The public collection was then taken; and this was followed by a proposition to raise \$100 for the building of the church in Germany. It was made up in a few minutes. Then it was proposed to raise \$100 for the building of the church in China. This was quickly contributed. Then commenced the making of the members of the Parent Society. One pleasing feature of the movement was the selection of aged and prominent lay members, superintendents of Sunday Schools, who had served long and faithfully.

The meeting lasted for two hours and a half, and the collection and subscriptions amounted to \$670. This is the largest amount we have yet seen contributed as an anniversary of a Conference Missionary Society. It is as yet the Banner Conference Society Contribution. It was observed that the lay members took a more active part than usual in this meeting. So ought it always to be. There was no bidding, no pressing, no lagging; the contributions were unconstrained, and given with evident pleasure.

We observed at this meeting what we had occasionally observed at other anniversaries; that is, that there were no large contributions given at once by any one person. The largest contribution given at once was \$20, and this only in two or three instances; yet some persons gave more than \$20, but divided it among several propositions. One lady, a friend to missions, put \$100 into the hands of the secretary, to be distributed among the propositions as they should be made. It was distributed in sums of tens, fives, threes, twos, and ones, until it was exhausted; and thus the stream of contributions was kept flowing. The constant contributions of the secretary on the part of a lady, awoke general curiosity, and inspired much good feeling, and was thought to have produced a generous competition among others, particularly in one brother, whose various contributions must have amounted to probably \$100.

We wish to remark particularly, that the success of the meeting depended much upon the prompt and excellent arrangements of the managers of the society. The preliminary services were short; the speaking was confined to one hour, leaving one hour and a quarter for the collection and contributions.

CALIFORNIA.—Rev. Isaac Owen writes from Santa Clara, May 8, 1851, to the Corresponding Secretary:—

"I will be happy to have a Lecture on the Illustrative History of the State, and will be pleased to receive it in the month of June. I may be Jan 29."

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From the New York Tribune.

LITTLE HENRY.

BY MRS. S. S. SMITH.

In thy low grave, beneath the green sward sleeping,
We left thee, our darling little son!
My mother's heart was faint and sore with weeping,
Thou wert our dearest, and our loveliest one.
There the blue harebells and the violet blossom,
Open their meek eyes to the dawn of day;
And the green myrtle clusters o'er thy bosom—
Thou wert as lovely and as pure as they.

When the pale primrose blossomed by the fountain,
Thy little feet have pressed the dewy sod;
While the soft sunlight lingered o'er the mountain,
Lifting, with reverent thoughts, thy heart to God!
In the green meadows, when the vernal showers
Sprinkled the tender grass beneath thy feet,
Thy tiny hand had plucked the budding flowers,
And hastened with delight my steps to greet.

The Amarantus' snowy blossoms, star in woven,
Shed the soft lustre o'er thy forehead fair;

By serial hands the fadless leaf was woven,
And twined amid thy snowy locks of hair.

Clasped in their snowy arms the angels bear thee,

From our embrace who loved thee next to God;

Their tender love is shed forever o'er thee,

Transcending ours, frail dweller of the clod.

But thy pale mother, in her quiet sadness,

Checks the vain tears, that oft in secret flow;

Never again the beaming smile of gladness,

O'er thy pale cheek, will shed its vernal glow!

Time may erase the impress of thy beauty

From younger hearts, but we can never forget

While struggling onward, mid life's toilsome duty

Our life's young morning star, whose light hath set.

SKETCHES.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN WESLEY.

Mr. Dudley was one evening taking tea with that eminent artist, Mr. Culy, when he asked him whether he had seen his gallery of busts. Mr. D. answered in the negative, and expressing a wish to be gratified with the sight of it, Mr. Culy conducted him thither; and after admiring the busts of the several great men of the day, he came to one which particularly attracted his notice, and on inquiry found it was the likeness of the Rev. John Wesley. "This bust," said Mr. C., "struck Lord Shelburne in the same manner it does you, and there is a remarkable fact connected with it, which as I know you are fond of anecdotes I will relate to you precisely in the same manner and words that I did to him. On returning to the parlor Mr. C. commenced accordingly—

"I am a very old man; you must excuse my little failings, and as I before observed, hear in the very words I repeated it to his lordship. 'My lord,' said I, 'perhaps you have heard of John Wesley, the founder of the Methodists.' 'O, yes,' he replied; 'he—that race of fanatics.' 'Well, my lord, Mr. Wesley had often been urged to have his picture taken, but always refused, alleging as a reason, that he thought it nothing but vanity; indeed, so frequently had he been pressed on this point, that his friends were reluctantly compelled to give up the idea. One day he called on me on the business of our church. I began the old subject of entreating him to allow me to take off his likeness. Well, said I, knowing you value money for the means of doing good, if you will grant my request, I will engage to give you ten guineas for the first ten minutes that you sit, and for every minute that exceeds that time you shall receive a guinea.' 'What,' said Mr. Wesley, 'do I understand you right, that you will give me ten guineas for having my picture taken?' Well, I agree to it.' He then stripped off his coat and lay on the sofa, and in eight minutes I had the most perfect bust I had ever taken. He then washed his face, and I counted to him ten guineas into his hand. 'Well,' said he, turning to his companion, 'I never till now earned money so speedily; but what shall we do with it?' They then wished me a good morning, and proceeded over Westminster Bridge. The first object that presented itself to their view was a poor woman, crying bitterly, with three children hanging around her, each sobbing, though apparently too young to understand their mother's grief. On inquiring the cause of her distress, Mr. Wesley learned that the creditors of her husband were dragging him to prison, after having sold their effects, which were inadequate to pay the debt by eighteen shillings, which the creditors declared should be paid. One guinea made her happy. They then proceeded on, followed by the blessings of the now happy mother.

On Mr. Wesley inquiring of Mr. Barton, his friend, where their charity was most needed, he replied he knew of no place where his money would be more acceptable than in Giltspur street computer. They accordingly repaired thither, and on asking the turnkey to point out the most miserable object under his care, he answered if they were come in search of poverty they need not go far. The first ward they entered they were struck with the appearance of a poor wretched who was greedily eating some potato skins. On being questioned he informed them that he had been in that situation, supported by casual alms of compassionate strangers for several months without any hope of release, and that he was confined for the debt of half a guinea. On hearing this, Mr. Wesley gave him a guinea, which he received with the utmost gratitude, and he had the pleasure of seeing him liberated with half a guinea in his pocket. The poor man on leaving his place of confinement said, 'Gentleman, as you come here in search of poverty, pray go up stairs, if it be not too late.' They instantly proceeded thither, and beheld a sight which called forth all their compassion. On a low stool, with his back towards them, sat a man, or rather a skeleton, for he was literally nothing but skin and bone; his hand supported his head, and his eyes seemed to be riveted to the opposite corner of the chamber where lay stretched out on a pallet of straw a young woman in the last stage of consumption, apparently lifeless, with an infant by her side which was quite dead. Mr. Wesley immediately sent for medical assistance but it was too late for the unfortunate female, who expired a few hours afterwards from starvation, as the doctor declared.

"You may imagine, my lord, that the remaining eight guineas would not go far in aiding such distress as this. No expense was spared for the relief of the now only surviving sufferer; but so extreme was the weakness to which he was reduced, that six weeks elapsed before he could speak sufficiently to relate his own history. It appeared he had been a reputable merchant, and had married a beautiful young lady evidently accomplished, whom he almost idolized. They lived happily together for some time, until by a failure of a speculation in which his whole property was embarked, he was completely ruined. No sooner did he become acquainted with his misfortune than he called his creditors together and laid before them the state of his affairs; and taking care of his books, which were in the most perfect order. They all willingly signed the dividend except the lawyer, who owed his rise in the world to this merchant; the sum was £250, for which he obstinately declared he should be sent to jail. It was in vain the creditors urged him to pity his forlorn condition, and to consider his respectability. That feeling was a stranger to his breast, and in spite of all their remonstrances he was hurried away to prison followed by his weeping wife. As she was very accomplished, she continued to maintain herself and her husband for some time solely by the use

of her pencil in painting small ornaments on vases. And thus they managed to put a little aside for the time of her confinement. But so long an illness succeeded this event that she was completely incapacitated from exerting herself for their subsistence, and their scanty savings were soon expended by procuring the necessities which her situation then required. They were driven to pawn their clothes, and their resources failing, they found themselves at last reduced to absolute starvation. The poor infant had just expired from want, and the helpless mother was about to follow it to the grave when Mr. Wesley and his friend entered, and, as I before said, the husband was reduced from the same cause, that without the utmost care, he must have fallen a sacrifice; and as Mr. Wesley, who was not for doing things by halves, had acquainted himself with this case of extreme poverty, he went to the creditors and informed them of it. They were beyond measure astonished to learn what he had told them, for so long a time elapsed without hearing anything of the merchant or his family, some supposed him to be dead, and others that he had quitted the country. Among the rest he called on the lawyer, and painted to him in the most glowing colors, the wretchedness he had witnessed, and which the (the lawyer) had been instrumental in causing; but even this could not move him to compassion. He declared the merchant should not leave the prison without paying every farthing. Mr. Wesley repeated his visit to the other creditors, who, considering the case of the sufferer, agreed to raise a sum and release him. Some gave £100, others £200, and another £300. The affairs of the merchant took a different turn, God seemed to prosper him; and in the second year he called the creditors together, thanked them for their kindness, and paid the sum so generously obtained. Success continued to attend him; he was enabled to pay all his debts, and afterwards realized considerable property. His afflictions made such a deep impression upon his mind, that he determined to remove the possibility of others suffering from the same cause; and for this purpose advanced a considerable sum as a foundation fund for the relief of small debtors; and the very first person who partook of the same was the inexorable lawyer!"

This remarkable fact so entirely convinced Lord Shelburne of the mistaken opinion he had formed of Mr. Wesley, that he immediately ordered a dozen busts to embellish the grounds of his beautiful residence.

SLAVERY.

A BILL OF SALE OF A "D. D."

A minister of the Gospel upon whom the University of Heidelberg had conferred the title of Doctor of Divinity, being in Europe at the time the Fugitive Slave Law went into operation, was obliged to remain there, lest, if he should return to this country where it is politically confessed that "all men are created equal," should suddenly discover that he is not a man, but a thing—a chattel personal. Our readers will be interested to know that he will be permitted to return, and still cherish the delusion that he is a human being. The Rev. Dr. Pennington, alias Jim Pembroke, "a first rate blacksmith, and well worth a thousand dollars," has obtained a legal title to his own body and soul. The way in which this has been brought about, will be learned from the following very interesting letter, which we find in a late number of the *Independent*:

Hartford, Conn., June 3, 1851.

Messrs. Editors:—It will probably interest most of your readers to hear that the "chattel personal," generally called Rev. Dr. Pennington, is in a fair way of becoming a man.

Dr. P. was born the slave of Fribis Tilghman of Hagerstown, Maryland, by whom he was educated a blacksmith, though an important branch of his education was forgotten—that of teaching him his letters. At the age of 21 he was regularly graduated in the "peculiar institution," and his late master certified to me in a writing which I now have in my possession, and which we may regard as his diploma, that at this time "Jim was a first-rate blacksmith, and well worth a thousand dollars."

At this age, feeling a desire to see something of the world before he decided where to settle, he one night took hasty leave and struck for the North Star; and finding from careful observation that he could locate himself more advantageously elsewhere, he has learned to pay the debts by eighteen shillings, which the creditors declared should be paid. One guinea made her happy. They then proceeded on, followed by the blessings of the now happy mother.

After his escape he found protection and assistance in a Quaker family in Pennsylvania, with whom he remained some time, and whose kindness he has ever since remembered with inexpressible gratitude. Here he began the studies which, ever pursued with unremitting ardor and industry, have made him a man of intelligence and a scholar. He had stolen from Heaven a Promethean fire which made the chatel a living man.

After pursuing his studies for some years, he entered upon the Christian ministry, and as a Congregational preacher was settled some years at Hartford, and since in New York. His history during the last half of this time is well known to the public.

About the year 1844 Mr. P. disclosed to me the fact that he was a fugitive from slavery. He did not under the most solemn injunction of secrecy, and told me at the time that he had never before divulged the fact to any living person except his Quaker friends in Pennsylvania—not even to his wife, so great was his fear that some misadventure the fact would get abroad, and expose him to danger. It was with his wife, however, mainly to save her from disquieting fears. He informed me that in his studies, in his domestic life, and in the discharge of his parochial duties, he was constantly burdened with harassing apprehensions of being seized and carried back to slavery. The name which he bore was an assumed one; that of the chattle was James Pembroke, or more commonly the "household word" Jim. He disclosed the fact to me that I might attempt a negotiation with his master, for the purpose of his freedom. I accordingly wrote to Mr. Tilghman to ascertain on what terms he would manumit him, taking care to give him no intimation of his present name, or of his residence. Mr. T. soon after wrote me that "I had written him nothing but skin and bone; his hand supported his head, and his eyes seemed to be riveted to the opposite corner of the chamber where lay stretched out on a pallet of straw a young woman in the last stage of consumption, apparently lifeless, with an infant by her side which was quite dead. Mr. Wesley immediately sent for medical assistance but it was too late for the unfortunate female, who expired a few hours afterwards from starvation, as the doctor declared.

"You may imagine, my lord, that the remaining eight guineas would not go far in aiding such distress as this. No expense was spared for the relief of the now only surviving sufferer; but so extreme was the weakness to which he was reduced, that six weeks elapsed before he could speak sufficiently to relate his own history. It appeared he had been a reputable merchant, and had married a beautiful young lady evidently accomplished, whom he almost idolized. They lived happily together for some time, until by a failure of a speculation in which his whole property was embarked, he was completely ruined. No sooner did he become acquainted with his misfortune than he called his creditors together and laid before them the state of his affairs; and taking care of his books, which were in the most perfect order. They all willingly signed the dividend except the lawyer, who owed his rise in the world to this merchant; the sum was £250, for which he obstinately declared he should be sent to jail. It was in vain the creditors urged him to pity his forlorn condition, and to consider his respectability. That feeling was a stranger to his breast, and in spite of all their remonstrances he was hurried away to prison followed by his weeping wife. As she was very accomplished, she continued to maintain herself and her husband for some time solely by the use

of her pencil in painting small ornaments on vases. And thus they managed to put a little aside for the time of her confinement. But so long an illness succeeded this event that she was completely incapacitated from exerting herself for their subsistence, and their scanty savings were soon expended by procuring the necessities which her situation then required. They were driven to pawn their clothes, and their resources failing, they found themselves at last reduced to absolute starvation. The poor infant had just expired from want, and the helpless mother was about to follow it to the grave when Mr. Wesley and his friend entered, and, as I before said, the husband was reduced from the same cause, that without the utmost care, he must have fallen a sacrifice; and as Mr. Wesley, who was not for doing things by halves, had acquainted himself with this case of extreme poverty, he went to the creditors and informed them of it. They were beyond measure astonished to learn what he had told them, for so long a time elapsed without hearing anything of the merchant or his family, some supposed him to be dead, and others that he had quitted the country. Among the rest he called on the lawyer, and painted to him in the most glowing colors, the wretchedness he had witnessed, and which the (the lawyer) had been instrumental in causing; but even this could not move him to compassion. He declared the merchant should not leave the prison without paying every farthing. Mr. Wesley repeated his visit to the other creditors, who, considering the case of the sufferer, agreed to raise a sum and release him. Some gave £100, others £200, and another £300. The affairs of the merchant took a different turn, God seemed to prosper him; and in the second year he called the creditors together, thanked them for their kindness, and paid the sum so generously obtained. Success continued to attend him; he was enabled to pay all his debts, and afterwards realized considerable property. His afflictions made such a deep impression upon his mind, that he determined to remove the possibility of others suffering from the same cause; and for this purpose advanced a considerable sum as a foundation fund for the relief of small debtors; and the very first person who partook of the same was the inexorable lawyer!"

I remarked in the opening of my letter that Dr. P. was in "a fair way of becoming a man." He is not yet completely one. The title to him still rests in me, and it remains for me, by deed under my hand and seal, to "create him a Peer of the Realm." I shall however defer the execution of this instrument for half an hour, till I have walked up and down the whole length of Main street, to see how it seems to a slaveholder, especially to own a Doctor of Divinity. Possibly during the walk I may change my mind and think it best to send him to a sugar plantation. Very respectfully yours,

JOHN HOOKER.

P. S.—I have just returned from my walk. The deed is executed. Jim Pembroke is merged in Rev. Dr. Pennington. The slave is free—the chattel is a man.

I spoke of half an hour's walk. I must confess that my return was a little hastened by the thought which suddenly struck me on my way, that perhaps the "legal relation" I had rashly assumed was a "malum in se." I thought for a moment of going to consolation to one of the "lower law" divines, but feared that it might end in my sending the Reverend Doctor to the auction block.—Sabbath Recorder.

The following is from a correspondence of the New York Herald:—

"I will close this letter with an anecdote, known to be true, which has been all the talk here, in American circles:—There is no dispute among taste," said an ancient maker of apothegms. This truth is exemplified in the sentiment of the good people of merry England, as well as that of certain people at home, towards the noble sons and daughters of Africa. An incident which occurred here a day or two since, to a brace of Yankee gentlemen, one an honorable and the other a general, exhibits this sentiment on the part of the ladies and gentlemen here very forcibly. When I use the term Yankee, I do so in its generic sense, one of the gentlemen in question being from your city, and the other from a Southern state. New York is not, I believe, within the limits of Yankee Doctordom proper, which is confined to the New England states.

Some kind *virtuoso* of the English aristocracy, male and female, were enacting the part of *ciceroni* to the two brothers Jonathan and, explaining to them all the wonders of London, and among the other amazing sights, led them to a gallery of statues and busts of eminent men of all countries. Pecl, Cannon, Pitt, Fox, Brougham, &c., were pointed out, as were also Washington, Jackson, Jefferson, and Franklin, and many others. One was shown as the bust of the celebrated Master Douglass, of America. "Let me look at it," exclaimed one of my countrymen, "I know Senator Douglass well—he is a particular friend of mine—I go for him next President." "Let me see, too," said the General, "I go for him too—he is a great man for his inches." They both rushed forward—the crowd around the bust gave way—and our two friends came near the work of art, when lo! and behold! it was the marble bust of *

FRED. DOUGLASS.

We are assured from a responsible source, that the facts on which the following statement is based can be depended on.—Independent.

A METHODIST CHURCH FLEEING TO THE CITY OF REFUGE.

A few days since I was travelling in the neighborhood of the great road, (one government, when it was constitutional for the General Government to have roads or build them,) leading from the capital of the Union to the "frontiers." Here I saw what the historic page describes, but which I had hoped my eyes and heart would never be pained with seeing—a church fleeing for refuge. Some on foot, leading their children by the hand, others in wagons, and following the "leadings of a better providence," were forsaking their homes, lands, neighbors, and the church of their adoption, to find, under the flag of the Crown, that "liberty and the pursuit of happiness" denied them under the stars and stripes.

Tears and sorrow were their companions. Yet hidden by their heaving bosoms, were hearts strong in the faith of a covenant-keeping God, that under a colder sky, and on a more ungenial soil, his blessed manifestations they should enjoy, and their blood, and the blood of their kindred and children no man should dare to claim. True, they had left farms and firesides, home and friends, but they were carrying with them the altar in the heart, and the Shekinah.

As I wished them a hearty God-speed, I remembered that at the last quarterly meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church, I had seen them surround the altar, and there commune with myself and others at the table of the Lord. In thought I ran over the names of the remnant left, and behold, here was a large moiety of the church—enough to form a new church, "fleeing into the wilderness." I thought, too, of Pastor Robinson's church, in the Mayflower—that of that Puritan church from the West of England, among whom were my maternal ancestors—of that church which fled to Holland, numbering with it my paternal ancestors—the Huguenots, who found in the Georgias that freedom to worship God which France denied. A host of worthy examples came crowding into my mind: the Holy Family, too, who had sought and obtained safety in Egypt, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, were the leadings of a better providence.

Years passed by, and Annie grew to be a woman, loving and beloved by all, but in her heart she never forgave herself for her last words to Willie.—Friend of Youth.

can *conscientiously obey it*. My conscience is not the creature of the law, but above it, beyond it, could exist without it. A violated conscience, what law can heal? Yet I would not resist by force this law, however hateful or odious, nor would I resist any law. It is one thing to resist, and another thing to refuse to obey. A refusal to obey may call for penalties, and stripes may be gloried in, and a dungeon become the paradise of God.

R. P. S.

can terms. She walked with God while with us, was universally beloved, and without doubt God has taken her to himself. Bro. Forest is remembered in the prayers of his brethren. May all the loved ones be united in heaven.

R. S. RUST.

Mr. NATHANIEL SMITH, died in West Kennebunk, Me., May 31st, aged 75. His companion in life, the sharer with him in the toils of youth and age, passed the flood on the 5th of November last. It will doubtless be gratifying to my predecessors who have been so cordially welcomed at Father Smith's, to see in the Journal this notice; for as far as cordiality and liberality are concerned, they have been unwearyed.

It was first published in England, where in a short time it passed through ten editions. It has just been reprinted by the author, and is for sale at their store, and by Booksellers.

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